

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

## A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 47.—THIRD SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### KESTELL OF GREYSTONE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By ESMÉ STUART.

Author of "*Muriel's Marriage*," "*Joan Vellacot*,"  
"*A Faire Damzell*," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### AN AFTER-DINNER TALK.

THE dinner passed off very cheerfully. Hoel made himself charming, as he well knew how to do; Elva was a little quiet, but made an excellent hostess, and Mr. Kestell appeared to great advantage. He was so courtly, so gracious, his stories were always to the point and well told, that Hoel wondered how it was that he had not before noticed what a very superior man Mr. Kestell was, intellectually and socially. It was only Amice who did not contribute to the entertainment, for she was more silent than usual, though now and then Hoel found her eyes fixed on him, as if desirous to see through him. The look seemed to disconcert him; he even settled in his own mind that Elva's sister must be a little peculiar; but though on the surface all was progressing well with Hoel, he was decidedly rather nervous as to the interview he should have with Mr. Kestell. Evidently Elva had said nothing, for she tried to appear perfectly unconscious, and he was forced to make-believe also.

Now that he was fairly embarked, Hoel rather doubted whether he had acted fairly by first speaking to Elva; for, after all, when compared with Mr. Kestell's daughter, he was not by any means in a position to offer great inducement, in the way of money, to Mr. Kestell. Of course, there was the "expectation;" but, as we

know, Hoel hated this, and would have preferred not mentioning it.

If he talked, laughed, and told good stories during dinner-time, it was by some happy mechanical process, which long use helped to carry him through; only when he was left alone with Mr. Kestell did the real Hoel feel that he was himself again; also, looking up with a determination to take his courage in his two hands, he noticed that his host suddenly became silent, and for a few moments seemed to forget Hoel was present, as he attentively examined the wine in his glass. The port was certainly irreproachable, and a queer fancy came into Hoel's mind that Mr. Kestell was superstitious, and was consulting the signs in the deep colour of the liquid. This strange silence and forgetfulness of his companion prevented Hoel from opening his mouth, and he waited till suddenly Mr. Kestell seemed to return from the clouds and to be once more himself.

"You came—I mean, you wished to speak to me, I understand, Mr. Fenner, about Vicary. It is strange you should have made his acquaintance; but I am sure it will be of great benefit to the poor fellow."

Hoel felt he could not talk freely about Vicary till he had made a clean breast of his own affairs; as well have it over at once.

"I certainly did want to talk to you about a little matter of business referring to Jesse Vicary; but I had better be honest and open with you, Mr. Kestell. I believe my chief wish to revisit Rushbrook was to find out——"

Mr. Kestell once more held the glass of port up to the lamp-light, and Hoel noticed that the thin white fingers shook a little.

"Yes?" he put in, for Hoel paused—"to find out?"

"To find out if I had the least chance of success—I—I—mean whether you, sir, would ever entertain the idea of me as a suitor for your daughter's hand. I may as well say at once that my position in London is by no means a bad one. Without vanity, I can say that my name is well known, and that I am making a respectable income with literary work, also I have a fixed income as sub-editor of 'The Current Reader;' and, besides this, I possess three hundred a year of my own. But, of course, when all is said, I know I have not enough money to make my suit in any way—"

Poor Hoel! He had never before felt so small and insignificant. The riches of Kestell of Greystone oppressed him. He made another noble effort, however.

"Still, sir, my motive being, I assure you, one purely of personal love and admiration for your daughter, I only ask to be allowed to try my fate. As for money, I do not want any. I could keep my wife in an honourable position, and, if not rich, yet the society into which I should introduce her is of the best."

"In short, you are in love with Elva," said Mr. Kestell, slowly bringing down his glass and smiling so kindly that Hoel was captivated.

"Yes, sir, that is the long and short of it."

"Have you mentioned the subject to her?"

"This morning I tried to find out if I was not altogether distasteful to her, and she has given me leave to speak to you. Indeed, sir, if I might only have a chance, I could at least prove how deep was the feeling which prompted me to try, even though with so little hope of success, and yet—"

Hoel lifted his handsome face, in which so many good feelings were painted, and at this moment he was nearer being a great character than ever before.

Mr. Kestell rose from his seat, and walked a few paces with his head bent down and his arms behind him. It was a moment of intense anxiety for Hoel, whose pride could seldom brook long suspense. He imagined the courteous refusal of the rich man and his own shy pride. Then he tried to frame his answer. In fact, in those few moments he lived through a sharp experience of doubt.

Mr. Kestell paused suddenly, and Hoel,

who had risen respectfully, was surprised at the gentle voice in which the old man said:

"Draw your chair near the fire, and let us talk this matter over, Mr. Fenner. We have seen but little of each other; but I have heard much about you. Never mind how. Everything I have heard is in your favour; and if you can win Elva's love I know my child will become the wife of an English gentleman. As to her, I must leave her free. Perhaps I am too partial; but it seems to me that the man who wins her will win a true, generous heart, and a girl who will be an honour to any home. Where she loves she trusts implicitly; but I hope—that is, perhaps, my most earnest wish—that my dear child may never be disappointed or deceived by the man she loves."

Hoel was much touched, and even more surprised, at the kindness shown to him; moreover, his vanity was—human nature being easily influenced—in spite of himself, a good deal called forth by hearing, unexpectedly, that Mr. Kestell had made private enquiries as to his character, and that the result had been eminently to his advantage. Few men could have heard such praise without having their own good opinion of themselves slightly enhanced. The confirmation of his own unexpressed opinion was most gratifying.

"But, Mr. Kestell, much as I feel your extreme kindness, I must not let you overlook the fact of—my very inadequate means?"

Mr. Kestell waved his hand very slightly.

"I do not undervalue money, Mr. Fenner; but experience has shown me, or rather shows every human being, that we cannot make the happiness of those we love best by money only. There may, even, be much advantage in poverty; but I do not wish my daughters to be married for their fortune. On their marriage I shall meet the fortune of their husbands with an equal amount—nothing more. When I die I shall leave everything to my wife for her life; then no one will accuse me of having in any way made my children the objects of envy or temptation to the avaricious. At my wife's death everything will be divided equally between my two daughters, save for a few legacies. You see, I am perfectly open with you."

Hoel seized Mr. Kestell's hand, and wrung it warmly.

"You have taken a weight off my mind, sir. I was afraid of being looked upon as a fortune-hunter. Your words have shown me that you did not think this, or you would not have spoken as you did."

Mr. Kestell smiled.

"Then your mind is at rest, and you may try your luck with an easy conscience. In these days parents do not have much control over their children. I do not complain. I wish them to be quite unfettered; but I do wish you success, Mr. Fenner, with all my heart."

"Then I shall succeed," said Hoel, feeling almost annoyed that he had passed through such unnecessary anxiety.

"And if you succeed, I venture to predict that you and Elva will not have to suffer more than is good for young people from limited means. I was told about your uncle, Mr. Mellish Fenner's intentions."

"I never even give my uncle's fortune a thought, sir," said Hoel, grandly. "He is very peculiar in many ways. He may even marry. Anyhow, I am not the man to sigh after or count upon dead men's shoes. I would rather begin married life in furnished lodgings, than borrow on expectations."

"Whatever happens," answered Mr. Kestell, after a pause, "you will believe I did the best I could for you, I hope. Elva must learn to know you. I doubt if, with her, there is such a thing as love at first sight. Yet, much as I have studied her, I never can quite know how she will act. Perhaps my girls have been allowed to go their own way too much; but my dear wife has never been strong, and she has always been my first thought. Her daughters have learnt that they must give in to her wishes. I did require that of them; nothing else—nothing else."

The affection which Hoel had never felt for his uncle since the "if" had been uttered, seemed to spring up in his heart for Elva's father.

"And I am sure, sir, that is why Miss Kestell feels your love doubly. I have never known a father, but if—if I have the happiness of becoming one of your family, may I say at once that you will never find me wanting in love and respect."

"Thank you," said Mr. Kestell, in a low and much-moved voice. "I cannot tell you how deeply I feel your words. Go on and prosper. But now, before going into the drawing-room, let me hear what you wish to say about Jesse Vicary."

Hoel was at once himself again, feeling decidedly small at suddenly remembering that Vicary and his affairs had entirely gone out of his head during the previous conversation, and that had Mr. Kestell not referred to the subject himself, he—Hoel—might have gone into the drawing-room without a thought of the man whom he meant to raise from his unworthy surroundings. He hid his forgetfulness as best he could, though to the practised eye of Mr. Kestell it was visible enough.

"Exactly so. I forget if you know how I became acquainted with this young Vicary. He came to our office hoping to get a little work. We get so many similar applications, that you can imagine we have one answer always ready. Vicary received it; but, as I happened to interview him that day, something in the man himself struck me as remarkable. I can hardly define what it is. He is clever, certainly; but not cleverer than many literary aspirants we see often; and yet there is something about him which at once marks him out from the ordinary clever young man who wishes to rise. He is an excellent fellow into the bargain; rather given to preaching, I fancy, if one knew the ins-and-outs of his leisure moments. But all this—what shall I call it?—this too palpable earnestness, is merely on the surface; at the bottom he is very superior in every way. In short, feeling drawn to him, I procured him a little work, which he brought to us so extremely well done, and so full of originality of treatment, that our editor, Mr. Carpell, of his own accord, suggested to me to try him in our office. We have to employ several writers whose duties are rather varied, and who must be a good deal more than men-machines. Vicary will suit us excellently; and if he proves that his powers are beyond this post, we can advance him; if not, even this position which I am at liberty to offer him will be far more congenial to him than the one he now fills."

"The one I found for him, you mean?"

"Yes, he has been perfectly honest and straightforward with me. He told me the outline of his life, and all you had done for him and his sister; and he was glad that I should first mention this subject to you, though he considers that you cannot now care how he earns his living, as long as he in no way disappoints you. I suppose he has really risen by his own good conduct, though without you he would never have had the chance."

Hoel paused, thinking that he had put the state of the case excellently well. He was not prepared for the result.

"I appreciate your kindness, Fenner; indeed, it only serves to raise my opinion of you. But in this case I think I am the best judge. Believe an old man, and desist from trying to draw Vicary away from his present employment which my interest procured for him. I have seen many men, and I know the world pretty well at my age; and I can assure you that you will only do Vicary an injury by suggesting this move to him; you will unsettle him, and in the future he will look back with regret when he recognises that this step was his ruin."

Hoel was entirely surprised; but he at once felt that Mr. Kestell must be mistaken, and did not really understand the nature of the offer.

"I assure you, I am only offering Vicary a much better position than he leaves; even if we did not require his services in the future, which is most unlikely, for we are very careful whom we choose, and our workers seldom leave us, yet the very fact of his having worked in our office would assure him a good post elsewhere. Where he is now he may stay till he dies, and unless he works very hard at supplementary jobs, he cannot hope to achieve even a small success."

"But it is certain; and you literary men, accustomed to a kind of lottery-life, hardly understand enough the great superiority of certain work over uncertain."

"But this is very certain work, sir," said Hoel; and then, suddenly remembering it was hardly his place to argue with his possible father-in-law, he paused.

"I may be mistaken, of course. We old people are sometimes prejudiced; if so, forgive me, Fenner. In any case, I cannot feel that I am justified in giving my consent. Now shall we go into the drawing-room? You may tell Elva all I said, but do not let my words bind her in any way."

Hoel rose; but before they reached the door, he made one more effort, if, perhaps, a feeble one, in the interest of Vicary.

"Then you will not recommend Jesse Vicary to accept our offer?"

"No, I shall not recommend it. I shall, in fact, refuse my consent."

Then Mr. Kestell opened the drawing-room door, and Hoel saw Elva standing near the window, looking like a beautiful embodiment of life, and Vicary and his affairs faded from his mind.

## ON THE EMBANKMENT.

### WHITEHALL.

WHEN the last leaves of autumn have been swept up, and the country looks damp and drear, the time begins for rambles over the pavements and voyages of discovery among the streets of London; about the old, pleasant, familiar streets; about the new London which is rising, storey upon storey, amidst a forest of scaffolding and out of deep, cavernous foundations. And if we find ourselves, at some idle time, in the midst of patches of sunshine and wreaths of vapour, say at the corner of the Thames Embankment by Westminster Bridge, the scene before us is one not easily to be matched.

It is not necessary to rise before day-break to make the pilgrimage, although we have Wordsworth's testimony that

Earth has not anything to show more fair  
than a sunrise seen from Westminster Bridge. But for us, the turbid stream of traffic is even more attractive—the full pulse of that mighty heart, whirling along in so many different channels, here meeting and there dividing, and making itself heard in a continued roar and clutter. Above, in solemn stillness, rise the pinnacles and high towers of the great buildings that enshrine so much of our national life and of the traditions of its history. Grouped in one imposing mass we have the Palace, the Hall, the Abbey, dignified by all their associations.

Turning the other way we have the river, reflecting the suffused brightness of the sky, and flooding upwards with trains of funeral barges, and beyond, a black, irregular shore, with chimneys, spires, and tall factories rising in a dark, clustered mass, with wafts of white steam showing against a background of hazy gloom. But, looking down the stream, the eye takes in that gracious curve of the river

Where two fair cities bend  
Their ample bow.

Beautiful must have been that curve in days of old, when the river glided at its own sweet will, when the Strand sloped down to the pebbly margin of the stream, here tufted with trees and there terraced in gardens, while the hundred spires of the City—great St. Paul's, conspicuous then as now—shone out in rivalry to the towers and turrets of the Court. The river, then gay with the barges of King and nobles, and of rich citizens, and with the hundreds of



boats that plied to and fro with passengers of every degree.

Yet, if the river has lost something in grace of contour from the rigid line of the Embankment, it must be admitted that we have here a noble terrace, which we may hope will be shaded in years to come by full-grown trees. But the Embankment, and especially this Westminster end of it, is not so well frequented as might be expected. Heavy traffic flows along it, loaded carts and vans appear in a continuous stream; but it lacks something of the brightness and charm that should be the attributes of such a noble promenade. And something of the reason for this may be guessed at in the course of a walk along the Embankment from Westminster Bridge to Charing Cross; the Embankment is hemmed in all the way by dead walls, without any opening at all towards Whitehall. Perhaps you are not likely to meet with a mad bull along the Embankment, but a mob of roughs and thieves is quite as formidable, and there would be no escape except by jumping into the river. And thus, instead of fine streets and noble avenues opening from Whitehall to the river, we have to put up with this "cut-throat lane," with the dark river on one side, and a blank wall on the other. The actual blame for this terrible mistake in laying out the Embankment, is to be apportioned between the old defunct Board of Works and the Government department which deals with Crown lands.

For it is the old Palace of Whitehall that sits thus heavily upon the Embankment, the old Palace all cut up into streets, terraces, and gardens, but still retaining much of its ancient contour, and with its unbroken, privileged frontage to the river. A turn up Whitehall Place brings us into the thick of it, with Scotland Yard on one hand, where the Metropolitan Police occupy the quarters of the ancient Marshalsea of the Palace, as when the Lord Chamberlain in Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" threatens the unruly crowd:

I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

The chief courtyards of the old Palace are still existing with narrow passages between, and coming out into the broad thoroughfare of Whitehall, we can reconstruct the ancient Palace to the mind's eye without much difficulty.

The Broadway of Whitehall existed in its days of Royal State, and formed at once a public way and an entrance-court to the

Palace. The banqueting-house still remains to us a fragment of that magnificent new Whitehall designed by Inigo Jones, but which never advanced beyond this first step. Looking downwards from Charing Cross, the passage on this side of the banqueting-house held the chief gateway of the Palace, leading into the main courtyard, now Whitehall Yard, at the bottom of which, next the river, were the great hall and chapel. Thereabouts, the King's lodgings occupied the river front. Other courtyards are reached by narrow, arched passages, with a labyrinth of buildings all round, lodgings of Royalties and of great lords, with their separate offices and belongings. Here are pantry, buttery, wine and beer-cellars of vast extent, kitchens, bakehouses, wood-yards, wharves, mixed up with the great offices of State, the council and treasury chambers. Here is the great centre of affairs, the mart of offices and honours, the market-place of titles, bishoprics, and dignities.

Returning to the public road, we may note on the other side of the Broadway a number of buildings, still belonging to the Palace, the site of which are sufficiently evident in modern Whitehall. Since the Restoration, His Majesty has built a house for his newly-raised regiment of Horse Guards, and a smaller house for the Foot Guards, and these upon the site of the old tilt-yard, where, but a short century ago—speaking from the days of the Merry Monarch—jousts and passages of arms were held, and triumphs and pageants affected all the forms of ancient chivalry. A small portion of the tilt-yard remained uncovered by buildings, and afforded an opening into St. James's Park. But here, just beyond the present Horse Guards and the banqueting-house, Whitehall suddenly came to an end, closed by the great long gallery built by Henry the Eighth, "thwart the streets," and the public road, passed under a handsome gateway built by the same Monarch—after Holbein's designs, it is said—and so closed in on one side—the left—by the wall of the Palace gardens, and on the other by Henry's new tennis-court and Cockpit Buildings, passed out of the Palace precincts by another gate, a quaint anomalous structure, crowned by pepper-box turrets, into King Street. And King Street we have still with us, the original, perhaps, of the numerous King Streets up and down the land—for that way rode our ancient monarchs from the days of the Confessor downwards, on their

way to their chief Palace of Westminster. As for the Tennis Court and Cockpit, their sites are marked by the handsome row of public offices on this side of Downing Street, and the front of the huge and recent pile of Government buildings, Foreign and India Offices, impinges upon the site of the ancient "street" between the two gateways.

As for the ancient history of the vast Palace of Whitehall, we may consult worthy Master Howell, historiographer to the King, who will tell us that it belonged of old "to Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, and Justicier of England, who gave it to the Black Fryers, in Holborne; but being fallen to Henry 8, ordained it to be called an honour, and built there a huge, long gallery, with two gate-houses," as we have already seen.

But we may recall a memory of Hubert de Burgh, in connection with this seat of his along the highway to Westminster.

Long ago, in 1222, there were, as now, bitter feuds between the various neighbouring communities about London; feuds continued to our own days, by bands of roughs; but in earlier times the citizens themselves took part in the frays. Thus Constantine, a citizen of London, marched at the head of the populace of the City, to Westminster, shouting the war-cry of the French, "Mountjoye Saint Denis" and fell upon the men of Westminster. Then there was a great tumult before the very doors of the Chief Justice.

Next day, Hubert, dissembling his rage, went down the river to the Tower, and sent a courteous invitation to Constantine and others of the leaders of the populace to meet him there. The citizens incautiously ventured into the ogre's castle, when Hubert forthwith hanged them all, and, seizing upon others of the rioters, cut off their hands and ears, and turned them out as a warning to the rest.

This Hubert, by the way, seems to have married a daughter of a King of Scotland, one of two Princesses for whom King John had undertaken to find husbands, and, possibly, this Scotch Princess may have had something to do with Scotland Yard.

Old Stowe, however, gives us another account of the origin of that name, and says that the Yard was first given by King Edgar of the Saxons to Kenneth, King of Scotland, and was resumed by King Henry the Second when he fell out with the Scots.

Anyhow, Margaret, Queen Dowager of Scotland, the sister of Henry the Eighth,

"had her abiding there." And Scotland Yard it has been time out of mind.

As for Whitehall, having become Church property, as we have seen above, it fell into the hands of the Archbishops of York; and Wolsey built, and pulled down, and made a famous Palace there; and, at Whitehall, the King paid Wolsey that frolicsome visit, disguised among other masquers, the scene of which, according to Shakespeare, is the Presence Chamber, York Place, while, in a later scene of the same play—"Henry the Eighth"—the change of title is narrated:

Sir,  
You must no more call it York Place, that's past,  
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost;  
'Tis now the King's, and called Whitehall.

Yet, as York Place belonged to the See of York, and was no part of the Cardinal's estate, there was a difficulty in getting hold of it till the King's attorney arranged some device in the way of a recovery, as it is called in legal jargon, for which the Cardinal's signatures to certain deeds were necessary. These were wrung from the Cardinal with great difficulty while he was in disgrace at Esher. "Tell the King," Wolsey is reported to have said, "that there is a Heaven—and also a hell."

A tradition of the period connected with Whitehall, by the way, accounts in a happy manner for the fall of the Cardinal and the transfer of his Palace. It was in the palmy days of Wolsey, when he was virtually the Viceroy of the kingdom, that two functionaries of the rival courts foregathered and began to compare notes as to their pretensions. One was Patch, the Cardinal's fool, the other Will Somers, the King's jester. It was admitted that the King had no such palaces as the Cardinal's. The old Royal Palace of Westminster had been but a heap of ruins since the great fire of 1512. Bridewell, where the King was now staying, was of no great extent or dignity. But, above all, were the Cardinal's cellars superior to the King's; those noble cellars at York Place, some of which have lasted until our own times, while others may lurk unsuspected beneath the foundations of more modern buildings. Upon that Patch invited his comrade to come and see his master's cellars and taste the wines—the Yperas, and wine of Cyprus, the Burgundy, Bordeaux, and all the rest. Will Somers gladly assented; and so, armed with gimlets and capacious goblets, the two fools seized a favourable opportunity when the cellarer was not looking, and slipped into the cellar where

the wines were stored for the Cardinal's own use and that of his most distinguished guests. The jesters smacked their lips and began operations. Cask after cask was pierced, but neither amber nor ruby runlet trickled into their cups. The casks were full by the sound and by the weight, and yet were dry. Will began to suspect that Patch was making a fool of him. Indignant at his friend's treachery, Somers seized a mallet and knocked in the head of one of the casks, so that the trick might be made manifest. The cask was full of gold. At the sight both the fools took to their heels, for here was a dangerous secret, of which they might have cause to rue the possession. So frightened was Will Somers, that he rushed into the King's presence as soon as he reached the Palace.

"Nunkey," he cried, with his familiar leer, "the Cardinal has better wine than you. There is never a butt, and there are two score or more, but is worth a thousand pounds." The fool was ordered to explain, and told what he had seen; whereupon the King's yeomen were sent to seize the treasure, which could have been hoarded for no good purpose, and it was taken away in carts to the King's treasury, while Wolsey was a fallen man from that hour.

When Henry the Eighth became master of Whitehall, he extended the liberties and privileges of the Palace of Westminster to his new possessions. Indeed, it seems likely that Westminster Hall itself was the original White-Hall, for it is often so called in contemporary documents; and till the end of Elizabeth's reign the Royal Acts are dated from Westminster. The old tyrant died at Whitehall, surrounded by terrified courtiers, who dared not tell him of his approaching end.

Mary, his successor, took possession of Whitehall, and the Kentish rebels, under Wyatt, swarmed up to the Palace gate and shot their arrows into the courtyard, wounding a valiant lawyer who had donned armour in the Queen's defence. Mary and Philip, too, held high court at Whitehall, when there were "great jousts in the Tilt-yard," and more than two hundred staves broken in the contests. Elizabeth, too, made Whitehall her chief Palace, and delighted to witness the prowess of her statesmen and courtiers from her father's great gallery as they engaged in mimic combat in the Tilt-yard below.

When Queen Elizabeth died, Sir Robert Cecil, the ancestor of our Lord Salisbury, appeared before the gate of the Palace of

Whitehall and proclaimed the new Monarch James the First. Of James's time is the only part of the Palace now left to us—the banqueting-hall, the work of Inigo Jones, which is now used as a Chapel Royal. It has never been quite satisfactorily determined before which of the windows of the banqueting-house the scaffold was erected for the execution of Charles the First. But the weight of evidence is for the centre window of the upper floor, an opening having been made in the wall immediately below it, through which a flight of wooden steps led to the fatal platform. Whitehall was then in full occupation by the Parliamentary Army, and a hedge of pikemen and musketeers kept the ground between St. James's Palace, where the King had passed the night.

As Lord Protector, Cromwell occupied Whitehall. Assuredly some havoc had been made among the treasures of Whitehall; the late King's pictures and works of art had been sold, and much that was splendid and beautiful had perished. Yet Evelyn, who was a staunch Royalist, visiting the place during Cromwell's occupation, finds it very glorious and well-furnished.

But it is the Whitehall of the Restoration that seems most familiar to us. We see it in the full light of diaries and memoirs—the gay, dissolute, sparkling, and yet often sordid Court. De Grammont takes us to Whitehall; he shows us the people inside, and the shouting crowd of linkboys at the gates. He is charmed with the linkboys. "The first time that I made their acquaintance," he tells the Queen-mother, "I engaged all those who offered themselves—so finely, that, on arriving at Whitehall, I had at least two hundred of them about my chair." He shows us, too, Whitehall on a beautiful summer's day: "The Thames washes the walls of the vast but not magnificent Palace of the King of Great Britain. It was from the steps of this Palace that the Court descended to embark upon the river at the close of a summer's day, when the heat and dust had prevented the usual parade in the Park. An infinite number of open boats, which contained all the beauty of Court and city, made a procession about the barges of the Royal Family; there were collations, music, fireworks . . ." Sometimes there would be an improvised concert of music and instruments upon the water, holding spell-bound the numerous wherries which had been shooting past.

Or we may see the Court at high play in

the grand gallery of Whitehall, the basset-table covered with gold pieces, and the beauties of the Court dividing their attention between their cards and their gallants. Among them all, the one charming girl with a reputation—la belle Stuart—who builds houses of cards while the highest play is going on, attracting to her side the gayest libertines of the Court, who supply her with building materials, which they filch from the gamblers. The Duke of Buckingham builds his castles against hers. He excels in this, as in everything else, and as for "chaff," which the Stuart loves, he is both father and mother to it.

Then we have Evelyn, who sees the end of it all and recounts it in his solemn note: The inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and on a Sunday evening, too; the King toying with his dames, a French boy warbling love songs in that glorious gallery. The honest country gentleman lifts up hands and eyes.

Pepys does not moralise so much as his friend; but he tells us more about Whitehall. As a pendant to De Grammont's picture of the water party, we have Pepys looking from the roof of the banquetting-house, with Lady Castlemaine, spreading her plumes, close by. She is good-hearted, too, and flies to aid a poor wench who has had a nasty fall; but the King and Queen are coming by water to Whitehall, and all kinds of pageants are being enacted on the river. Then the Royal procession appears. "The King and Queen in a barge, under a canopy, with a thousand barges and boats, for we could not see the water for them."

Then we have the last scene of all for Whitehall Palace and the Stuarts—King James in his closet, pages and lords-in-waiting in the ante-chambers, black-robed priests hovering about, and at the door the mud-bespattered courier who brings the news of the triumphal march of William of Orange.

Yes, there was an end then of the grandeur of Whitehall. William of Orange hated the place, and so did Mary, his wife. It was all walls and water, she said. And then came fire to rid the new monarchs of what they so detested. Whitehall had often been scourged by fire. Pepys records in 1666, Whitehall on fire, a horrid, great fire.

There was another great fire at Whitehall in 1691, which burnt everything from the back of the gardens down to the water's edge. Again there was a fire

catastrophe, a final one this time, on the fourth of January, 1698. "Whitehall burnt," writes Evelyn, "nothing but walls and ruins left." People noted, with acerbity, that a Dutch woman was the cause of the affair. She belonged to Colonel Stanley's lodgings, and had left some linen to dry by a charcoal fire, and soon the whole place was in a blaze. The poor woman lost her life, and eleven other persons perished in the flames, among them two Grenadiers on duty at the Palace. The fire broke out between three and four in the afternoon, and burnt all night long till eight next morning, when the flames had consumed one hundred and fifty houses, most of which were the lodgings and habitations of the chief of the nobility. There was a clean sweep from the privy gardens to Scotland Yard, and thus came to an end "a palace that, for riches, nobility, honour, and grandeur, might contend with any in the world." Only the banquetting-house and the Duke of Portland's house were spared by the flames, and the former showed evidence of the roasting it had received on its blistered walls for many a long day.

Much of the site of the Palace was granted away, from time to time, to William's favourites, who built themselves houses here and there. Montague House occupies the site of the Royal bowling-green; and, standing at the iron gateway that blocks the entrance from the gardens, we can almost fancy the level lawn restored, the figures of ancient days grouped about it, and the soft click of the balls sounding in the ears.

The gardens are still Whitehall Gardens, and are occupied by a row of quiet, old-fashioned mansions, with excellent gardens in the rear abutting on the Embankment. These lead directly into the old court-yard of the Palace. And just behind the old banquetting-house, on a pedestal, carved by Grinling Gibbons, stands a bronze statue of James the First. It is a good statue, too. James is clad in a Roman garb, and carries a truncheon in his hand, and has a good, thoughtful, and yet puzzled face.

Passing out where stood the old Palace gate, where is now a wide open space, where buildings of some kind are being planned, we come out opposite the Horse Guards, just in time to witness a little military ceremony that recalls, even more forcibly than the scanty relics of its building, the old Palace of Whitehall. The hands on the Horse Guards' dial, by which



all the military clubs are regulated, point to eleven; and, as if the old building were some big mechanical clock, the first symptoms of the striking of the hour are accompanied by a general movement in the previously quiet and silent court-yard. The monumental sentries, sitting motionless on their chargers within their cold stone niches in front of the Horse Guards, at once give signs of life, the horses prick their ears, the men shake their nodding plumes, as, with the clatter of hoofs and the sharp ring of the word of command, the relief draws up on one side of the little court. The outgoing guard clatter out from their catacomb-like quarters, the Reds relieve the Blues, and the contrast of their uniforms with their shining breast-plates, glittering helmets, plumes, and magnificent jack-boots, makes a pleasing little spectacle. A small crowd collect on either hand, just as it may have done on any morning for a couple of centuries or more. A couple of Red warriors detach themselves, and ride in at one end of each stone sentry-box, while the Blues ride out at the other. The dismounted sentries have exchanged their confidences with each other in the cold stone corridors; the happy Blues mount and join their troop. The men count themselves over; they are all right, and away they go to barracks, while the remaining Reds swing themselves from their horses and disappear within the resounding vaults. And this is guard-mounting at Whitehall Palace. It has no other reason d'être than the old burnt Palace, the old banqueting-house, with its grim memories of the scaffold—the ghosts of dead and gone Royalties, that haunt this historic ground.

And so we may pass through the resounding arches of the Horse Guards. It is not ancient as buildings go; dates from 1750, with Kent as architect. But it has a venerable appearance, too; its masonry weathered and worn, with the lion and unicorn a little damaged by the gusts of a good many winters, and sparrows twittering about the Royal crowns. The place seems shrunken, too, since the big buildings about have risen to such heights; but there is a quiet, homely character about it that we should be sorry to miss.

The trees are all bare in St. James's Park, but the shrubs and autumn flowers still show bravely along the borders; and the ducks and other wild-fowl are quacking loudly, and diving and splashing in the great pool. This was a straight canal in

King Charles's days; and between the canal and Birdcage Walk was Duck Island, a large decoy, planted with trees, and with sluices and channels running here and there. The isle had a Governor once, St. Evremond, one of the queer Frenchmen who hung about the Court of Whitehall—a wit, a poet, a gentleman of nicety and honour, yet earning his pension by services, surely of dubious character. Andrew Marvell celebrates the decoy in his "Royal Resolutions:"

I'll have a fine pond, with a pretty decoy.  
Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,  
And still in their language quack *Vive le Roy!*

The decoy, and the aviary with it, are kept in memory by Birdcage Walk, which passes into Westminster by Storey's Gate, named after Edward Storey, keeper of the Royal volary.

But George Street, which continues the line of Birdcage Walk towards Westminster Bridge, is a creation of the middle of the eighteenth century, when there was a general clearance and demolition of old rookeries about Westminster. The first Westminster Bridge was built at that time; Parliament Street was opened; and the approaches to the Houses of Parliament made fairly passable.

Had we visited Westminster before the date above mentioned, we should have found ourselves in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, surrounded by the precincts of the Abbey and Royal Palace. New Palace Yard was really new when Rufus was King, and has always been an open space, from which rose the long, high roof of Westminster Hall, its front encumbered by a mass of houses, offices, and traders' stalls. The Abbey loomed out of the thickly-clustered roofs like some great stranded hulk, without towers—if we had come before Sir Christopher Wren's time, who designed the two western towers. In a line with the Abbey stood St. Stephen's Chapel, overlooking the river, and forming the staff of a cross, of which Westminster Hall was one limb, and the other that wreck of buildings behind it, the foundations of which belonged to the old Palace of Edward the Confessor.

St. Stephen's Chapel was a high Gothic nave of the Perpendicular period, with great window openings, and high clerestory.

Since the days of Edward the Sixth the House of Commons had met in the Chapel, removing there from the chapter-house of the Abbey; and all the grandest traditions of the great legislative chamber were con-

nected with St. Stephen's. Thus it was a national loss when the old Chapel was destroyed by fire in the year 1834. The train that brought the conflagration had been laid so long ago as the reign of Elizabeth, when the Queen granted the buildings of the dissolved College of St. Stephen's—the dwellings of the canons, that is, who gave their name to Cannon Row close by—to the Auditors and Tellers of the Exchequer. Now, the Tellers worked with tallies of hazel rods—as bakers used to do, and do now in Normandy, for instance. With the baker, a long notch means a big loaf and a short one a small loaf, and, the rod being split, the customer keeps one half and the baker the other. In the same way, on the Exchequer tallies, there were hundred pound notches, ten pound notches, and so on. There was a kind of rough security about the system of old times, for, difficult as it may be to forge a bank-note, it would be still more difficult to forge a hazel rod.

Well, as everybody knows, there was a great accumulation of useless tallies, and it was determined to burn them, and the stoves in the old House of Lords were used for the purpose. Presently, all the flues were glowing red-hot, the beams and hangings caught fire, St. Stephen's was wrapped in the flames, and the morning light showed the site a mass of ruins; the rude vaults of the Saxon Kings, the cellars where Guy Fawkes had stalked with dark lantern and lighted match, all open to the skies.

Since then, we have had other great clearances in Westminster. But Abbey and schools have preserved so much of their old character that the mediæval glamour comes over one in wandering about those massive cloisters and quaint precincts. But our way lies in another direction, and we may complete our circuit about Whitehall by diving into the wreaths of steam that rise from the underground railway close by Westminster Bridge.

### NICKNAMES.

MOST of us, at some period of our lives, have, consciously or unconsciously, borne a nickname of some kind. Those too candid, unflattering titles with which we are dubbed in our school-days, how they cling to us, it may be until we are well into manhood; and even then it often

becomes a matter of some difficulty to throw off a well-established sobriquet, be it pleasant or unpleasant, in the acquisition of which we had no voice.

The origin of the word "nickname" is, to use a pet antiquarian phrase, "involved in some obscurity"; but most authorities agree that the word has derived its present form from "an eke name"—that is, a name added, the "n" having become, in course of time, transferred from the article to the substantive.

Nicknames themselves are as old as the most venerable of chronicles. Kings, Divines, Statesmen, and, indeed, most eminent or public men have received, either from malice, humour, or revenge, sobriquets which have been applied to them owing, perhaps, to some singularity in speech, manner, or dress; and these appellations have clung to them through life with such relentless pertinacity, that, in many instances, the nicknames have become historical.

There can be no doubt that many persons are known by nicknames of which they themselves are quite ignorant, especially when the "agnomen" is of the uncomplimentary class. "Old Switcher," the schoolmaster, would be aghast if he could hear the private conversation of the playground and dormitory; and "Tight-fist," the grasping Squire, would rarely hear his legal patronymic in the bar-parlour of the village inn.

Our modern surnames are unquestionably, in many cases, the result of ancient nicknames, as shown by such instances as "Redhead," "Goodfellow," "Longman," "Cruikshank," "Lightfoot," "Blackbeard," "Fairfax," and the like.

Diving into ancient history, we find Socrates figuring as "Flat-nose," Plato as the "Attic Bee"—so called because of the sweetness of his style; Julius Caesar as "Bald-head"; Ovid as "Naso"; and so on.

Nearly every ruler of the Saxon period is known to us under what is practically a nickname, having reference to some personal quality of the Monarch. And the Normans were not behindhand, for William the First would scarcely be recognised without the boastful "Conqueror." History tells us, however, that the King of France jestingly saddled him with a less complimentary epithet, bearing upon his corpulency, and it was in revenging this that the "Conqueror" met with his death. Then came William the Second, named

Rufus, followed by the familiar "Beauclerc," "Cœur de Lion," "Sansterre," "Longshanks," "Crookback," "Bluff Hal," and so on. To these might be added the numerous "longs" and "shorts" of history; but the foregoing will suffice.

If we turn our attention to Parliament, we find many of its members, especially those who have reached eminence or obtained notoriety, dubbed with nicknames which have become famous in Parliamentary annals.

An amusing instance is related of two members being nicknamed in consequence of both bearing the same names. Mr. Nicholas Fitzsimon (son-in-law of Daniel O'Connell) represented in Parliament the county of Dublin; while, at the same time, another Nicholas Fitzsimon (afterwards Sir Nicholas) represented King's County. The latter was an exceedingly obese person, whilst his namesake had a very deformed short leg and foot, which rendered him lame. To distinguish the two members in the House, the lame gentleman was called Mr. "Foot-Simon," whilst the member for King's County was known as Mr. "Fat-Simon"—a somewhat appropriate distinction.

It is also recorded that one Pierce Mahoney, an attorney of Dublin, who had an extensive practice in that city, and who represented Tralee in Parliament for a short time, contrived, in a few months, to introduce so many Bills that he was called "Bill" Mahoney—a name that he carried with him to the grave.

Two of the Wynns of Wales—uncle and nephew—were grotesquely styled in the House "Bubble" and "Squeak": the one from the extraordinary manner in which he spoke, which procured for him the name of "Bubble," while the other, who spoke with a whistling sort of utterance, was known by the name of "Squeak."

Coming to men of somewhat greater renown, we find George Savile (Viscount Halifax) popularly known as the "Trimmer," so designated because of his leading a party which vacillated between the Whigs and Tories. He assumed the title, however, as one of honour, vindicating the dignity of the appellation by saying "that everything good 'trims' between extremes, as the temperate trims between the torrid and frigid zones."

The Duke of Marlborough is known to us best, perhaps, as the "Handsome Englishman;" but, in his time, he was also styled the "British Pallas," "Humphry

Hocus," and the "Silly Duke," as his popularity waxed or waned.

Harley, Earl of Oxford, owing to a constant awkward motion, or agitation of his head and body, is said to have been styled "Harlequin," by the Duchess of Marlborough, who maintained that "such agitation betrayed a turbulent dishonesty within, even in the midst of his affected, familiar, and smiling airs." The Earl was also known as the "King of Book Collectors."

Sir Richard Steele was commonly called, by his detractors, "a twopenny author," in consequence of his publishing at twopence that famous weekly journal, the "Tatler." In addition to this, he was often referred to by Addison as "Little Dicky."

Sir Robert Walpole was dubbed by his opponents the "Grand Corrupter," and the "Leviathan"; and Horace Walpole, in his letters upon Sir Robert, applies to him the sobriquet of "Bluestring," having reference to the blue riband of the Order of the Garter, which he was in the habit of wearing.

Most of us are familiar with the term "Single-speech Hamilton," a title which that statesman obtained from the extraordinary impression produced by the first and almost only speech he ever made during his Parliamentary career. Bolingbroke bore the designation of "High-mettled Harry;" while Pulteney, Earl of Bath, was contemptuously termed "That Weathercock."

A somewhat amusing instance is recorded of George Grenville, who, when speaking in the House in favour of Dashwood's financial statement, repeatedly asked the Opposition "where they would have a tax laid?" reiterating the enquiry by saying "Let them tell me where?" to which Pitt murmured the line of a well-known song, "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where?" It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of "Gentle Shepherd." Earl Sandwich enjoyed the distinction of being known by the sobriquet of "Jemmy Twitcher," as a consequence of his turning against Wilkes, whose intimate friend he had once been, when that member was persecuted by Court and Ministry.

Horace Walpole was entitled by Wordsworth the "Frenchified Coxcomb," and was frequently referred to by Disraeli as the "Puck in Literature," owing to his literary fabrications. "Ultimus Romanorum," too, was another sobriquet frequently bestowed upon Walpole. Cobbett,

whose talent for nicknaming was unrivalled, found satisfaction in styling Canning "Æolus," and Lord Liverpool "Pink Nose." It is said of Lord Erskine that nothing teased him more than Cobbett's habit of addressing him by his second title of Baron Clackmannan. But Cobbett himself did not escape the satirist, for, on account of his admiration of Napoleon Bonaparte, the remarkable member was commonly known as "Boney Cobbett."

Sir Robert Peel was, for many years, familiarly called "Orange Peel," in consequence of his somewhat remarkable opposition to the Roman Catholics while acting as Irish Secretary. "The Run-away Spartan" was another epithet applied to Peel, who, at one time, was opposed to the Irish Emancipation Bill, but finally changed his opinion and worked in favour of it. In connection with the name of this Minister, we may be forgiven for introducing here a favourite joke current in the House at the time, when it was said there were two Lemons in the House, but only one Peel.

It is reported of Michael Angelo Taylor, a member of the House—who, for several years, was in the habit of bringing forward a motion against Lord Eldon—that, in replying to the great lawyer Bearcroft, he said, "that he himself, who was but a young practitioner, or, as he might phrase it, a chicken in the law, would venture on a fight with the cock of Westminster Hall," which sally obtained for Taylor the nickname of "Chicken" Taylor.

Dealing with Parliamentary celebrities nearer our own time, we find that the famous O'Connell was popularly styled the "Agitator," the "Liberator," the "Big O," and the "Great O."

Of Lord Brougham it is related that, while practising at the Bar, he came in contact with Lord Eldon, who persisted in calling him Mr. "Broffiam." Remonstrance being made through the assistant-clerk, the Chancellor gave in at the conclusion of the argument, by saying: "Every authority upon the question has been brought before us—new Brooms sweep clean." Owing to a painful affection of the muscles of the face, Brougham was familiarly known in Parliament as "Harry Twitcher."

This brief summary of Parliamentary nicknames cannot be concluded better than with the honoured name of Lord John Russell, to whom the nickname of "Finality John" was given, in consequence of his having made the observation on the in-

troduction of the Reform Bill of 1837, "that, while the Government considered it a final measure, it was not intended that it should remain a barren Act upon the Statute Book."

Upon one occasion, however, the whole House of Commons received the curious nickname of "the Beast," owing to its members numbering six hundred and sixty-six, which is the number of the mysterious beast referred to in Revelations xiii. 18.

By some abstruse calculation, based upon the letters of the name, this epithet was also applied to Napoleon; and has quite lately been revived by the opponents of General Boulanger.

Turning back several centuries, we learn that Boccaccio enjoyed the designation of the "Prince of Story-Tellers."

Crichton was styled the "Admirable," a title bestowed upon that scholar on account of his extraordinary progress in learning during his youth.

Cromwell, of all men, has had, perhaps, most nicknames applied to him—chiefly due to the facile invention of flighty cavaliers, when, with crumb dropped in glass, they would feelingly drink, "God send this crumb well down"—as, for instance, the "Brewer," "Copperface," "His Nose-ship," "Old Noll," "Saul," and many others.

Good old John Bunyan, too, came in for his share of nicknames, such as the "Tinker," the "Inspired," etc.

It may not be generally known that Admiral Vernon was familiarly styled "Old Grog" by the sailors, from the Groggram cloak he wore in stormy weather—hence the origin of the word "grog," he being the first to give to British seamen the recipe for that comforting compound. Dr. Johnson was known by his contemporaries under various sobriquets, a few of which were "Ursa Major," "Pomposo," and "Surly Sam." Charles Lamb, it is said, used to own that his vanity was sometimes a little tickled by being addressed as "Old Honesty," and "Upright Telltruth, Esquire."

Napoleon Bonaparte, as we are well aware, was designated "The little Corporal" by his adoring grenadiers; but in England such epithets as "Antichrist," and "that arch-enemy," were considered too good for him. Politicians, moreover, styled him "the nightmare of Europe." "Plon-plon"—Prince Jerome Napoleon—obtained that well-known sobriquet in



childhood owing to his childish manner of pronouncing the name Napoleon.

The Duke of Wellington, like Cromwell, enjoyed the distinction of numerous popular titles, but of a somewhat more flattering character. In selecting the most familiar, we find him known as "The Achilles of England," the "Duke of Waterloo," "Europe's Liberator," "Saviour of the Nations," "Old Douro," and by the more lasting description of the "Iron Duke."

There are several curious instances in which the holders of surnames, who have obtained notoriety by reason of their office, have handed such names down to their successors as nicknames which have become as familiar to us as "household words." As in the case of one Dun, a sheriff's officer of Queen Elizabeth's reign; Jack Ketch, the notorious hangman; and many others.

In many of the colliery districts it is no uncommon thing for a man to be known among his fellow-workers solely by some mere nickname. Of some thirty men forming the crew of a lifeboat on our northern coast, it was found that thirteen of them were known only by their nicknames. In Lancashire, fifty years ago, among the lower classes, it was almost hopeless to determine a man's surname. Thomas Barton, the son of John Barton, would simply be known as "Tom o' Jack's lad," just as in Wales he would have probably become Thomas Jones.

It is certain that, although the surnames of families and men are now practically settled, we shall always find an undiminished stock of supplemental nicknames or "by-names" among all classes, due to the sly humour or malice of the inventor. A nickname forms a ready jest, and though sometimes carelessly flung, it may take tight hold, and may cause either amusement, annoyance, or serious pain.

## SHILLINGBURY SKETCHES.

### A NEW INDUSTRY.

WHEN one sees that the Englishman, and especially the Englishman of country breeding and way of thinking, is on the alert to discern some new ground upon which he may pick up gold and silver, one may be quite sure that the old ground has been gleaned very bare, and that the prick of necessity is making itself unmistakably felt. For some time after those first years of crisis, which we vainly hoped

were destined to be but temporary, the British farmer was as one dazed by a crushing blow. Meat, wool, corn, and every other product of the land fell simultaneously and persistently, in defiance of all economic precedent; for was there not an aphorism thus expressed in rhyme:

Up Corn, down Horn;  
Up Horn, down Corn.

Now, however, there seemed to be a race between Corn and Horn, to see which should first touch the bottom of the abyss. At first the farmer refused to believe that such a general collapse could last; but time has taught him otherwise. When, in despair, he began to seek a way out of his troubles, he found that in the supply of counsellors Fortune had not been niggardly to him. Probably, no man in evil case ever had offered to him so much good advice. The man of Uz had three comforters; but those of the farmer came in flocks. They spoke through Reports of Royal Commissions; through the Agricultural papers; and through those wonderful leading articles in our morning daily monitors—articles in which the names of Virgil and Columella would be mixed in a fine confusion with those of Coke of Norfolk, and Jethro Tull. Special commissioners wrote special columns on Crop and Stock, in which men who had been cultivating the soil all their lives were taught exactly when they should begin to plough in the autumn, so as to allow the land to be pulverised by the frost, and in the spring, to secure the destruction of the annual weeds. These gentlemen, living generally in some suburban district, would write, detailing the profits they had made out of fowls, or bees, or pigs, or tame rabbits, and advising the farmer to multiply the process by one hundred and reap profit a hundred-fold. Next it would be the land reformer, just back from Switzerland, or Hungary, or Norway, cock-sure that all would go well if we make a clean sweep—with or without compensation—and start afresh, after the model of the people amongst whom he had picked up his panacea. Next, the benevolent theorist, who had put his hobby to the test of practical experiment, and now called upon all men to grow cabbages, or flax, or sorghum, whether they live on the Norfolk heaths, or the Weald of Sussex, or Salisbury Plain; and statesmen, in moments of leisure, have been known to take up the wondrous tale of the virtues of jam, and bid all men go a-making it, oblivious, apparently, as to

what would become of all the butter, if they should do so. Truly, if good counsel could have saved agriculture, the farmer would easily have kept his head above water; and the landlord would not be regretting those days when he had a dozen horses in his stable, in place of that pair of screws which now do all his work; and when he shot his own game on his own acres, instead of letting his place, at that season when it was a real joy to be there, to Mr. Deronda, of Throgmorton Street.

Lately, when I was down at Shillingbury, I walked over to Barnham, a village as little like the typical village of poetry or romance as it is possible to conceive. It stands on the almost treeless crest of a long, sloping hill, a collection of ugly cottages, straggling away from the cross-roads which mark the centre of the place. There stand the church, and the blacksmith's shop, and the "Three Tuns" inn, and Mr. Gilder's farm.

I paused for a bit and looked over the churchyard wall, and I judged—from the broken-backed roof, the mixture of brick and stone in the masonry of the windows, and the general air of disrepair—that I was in the presence of one of those rare objects, an unrestored church. Its dilapidation was all the more conspicuous from the spick-and-span aspect of Mr. Gilder's house next door, which used to be, in its way, quite as ruinous as the church itself. But all this was now changed, and it shone in all the glory of fresh white paint. A bay-window had been put out, overlooking a garden lately formed out of a cow-yard; and a high brick wall fenced off the more aggressive of the farmyard surroundings. A new coach-house had been built on the site of some pigsties, and in front of this a groom was washing a neat wagonette. I was the more surprised at these signs of prosperity, because, in times past, I had always heard Mr. Gilder spoken of as—agriculturally—a very creaking wheel, and I had always thought of him as one of those who would first go under in the flood of adversity.

But Mr. Gilder had, apparently, found his plank of deliverance, and I began to speculate as to which of the counsels, noticed above, he might have followed. It would be a marvel indeed if he, a heedless, sauntering sort of man, should have hit upon some new plant or manure, while the farmers of reputation were floundering about in despair. He must

certainly have done something of the kind, or come into a fortune. My curiosity was aroused, and I fancied I was ready for some lunch. At the "Three Tuns" I might be able to get a bit of bread and cheese, and I could certainly fathom the secret of Mr. Gilder's newly-born prosperity.

I called for my refectory, and while it was being prepared I marked the neat wagonette, which I had just before seen in the process of washing, drawn up to Mr. Gilder's front-door, and into it there mounted a goodly load of people, seemingly bent on pleasure. The landlord happening to arrive, just at that moment, with my repast, I demanded what was the meaning of this unwonted sight.

"Oh, them's Mrs. Gilder's folks, them is," he replied; "the place is full of 'em all summer long."

I thought Gilder must be getting on indeed, if he could keep house in this style.

"And are they friends or relations?" I asked.

"Nayther one nor t'other," said the landlord. "They're a lot of lodgers from London, and the North, and nobody know where; but they keep Gilder a-goin', for all that. Ah, he ha' took a new start since that old doctor came down here to see his brother."

Then the landlord went on to tell me how Mr. Gilder's brother, recently returned from America, was suddenly taken ill while on a visit to Barnham; and, having no faith in the local doctors, had sent to London for a certain Doctor Dix. The patient got well; and, when he went to see his doctor again in London, the latter was honest enough to say that the good air of Barnham, and Mrs. Gilder's cookery, had done quite as much for the case as the doctor's medicines. Doctor Dix, indeed, was greatly taken with Barnham, and especially with Mrs. Gilder, who was a jolly, good-tempered, shrewd woman, without whom Gilder would have made a worse business of farming even than he had done hitherto. The kindly doctor, too, had some notion as to how things stood financially at the Abbey Farm, and the next summer he wrote to Mrs. Gilder, saying that he had two convalescent patients who wanted building up with good air and farm-house cookery, and enquired whether she could take them in for a month, and return them cured.

The patients came, and so satisfactory was the result of Mrs. Gilder's first trial

with invalid boarders, that the doctor sent her some more, and very soon her clientèle was firmly founded; and from thenceforth her house had always been full all summer, and her guests had often overflowed into hired quarters in the village. The dairy was increased; and, after a little, Gilder had sheep and oxen of his own, instead of having to go to Joshua Gay for them. The landlord was induced to make the house a trifle more attractive; and roses, and stocks, and strawberry-beds flourished where erst were malodorous but fertilising heaps of manure. The Abbey Farm, from being one of the most dilapidated features of a tumble-down village, became an oasis of aggressive neatness; and, as I surveyed it from the inn parlour, I could but admit that physically it was hardly the place town dwellers would fancy for a country sojourn. The ideal farmhouse for such purpose is a long, low, rambling building, with walls covered with vines and creepers which made excursions likewise over the roofs and up the chimneys. The garden around it should be a medley of fruits, and flowers, and vegetables. Round about it should stretch lush pastures, studded with elms, and hawthorns, and chestnuts, in which the gentle cow collects those lacteal treasures upon the enjoyment of which the town boarder especially reckons. The Abbey Farm, Barnham, has none of these charms. Even in its present state of decoration it was an unlovely object; an ugly house standing by the roadside in an ugly, treeless village. Yet the people who came there "liked themselves," and came again. What could be the secret of Mrs. Gilder's success and victory over untoward surroundings?

I drew mine host on to talk of the new industry which had been started over the way; and, in spite of the fact that taking in lodgers in a way trenched upon his own business, I did not find him at all hostile to his enterprising neighbours. "It livens the place up a bit havin' folks about; and Mrs. Gilder's a clever woman, sir, no mistake about that. She feed 'em well, and look after 'em well, and she ain't too particular." This, according to the landlord, was the reason why Mrs. Gilder's boarders "liked themselves" so well that they came a second and a third time.

He went on to describe in detail the people who came together under Mrs. Gilder's roof, and I gathered that the original invalid boarder had been largely supplanted by a totally different and

perhaps better-paying type. The lady with brimstone hair, who had occupied the box-seat of the wagonette, had a husband somewhere in India; and the young gentleman who drove was a buck in his way. The smartly-brushed elderly man, with a benevolent face and patriarchal grey beard, was a very pleasant gentleman so long as he kept himself all right; but when he got a glass too much, he did not know when to stop, and was, in the landlord's words, "a regular nailer." Two skinny brown-faced iron-grey spinsters in rusty waterproofs, were Americans, and a tall, dark, sallow-faced woman, with an epileptic husband, completed the party. When the wagonette drove off, a grey, wizened face, with long elf-locks of wispy hair, appeared at one of the upper windows, and gazed after the laughing pleasure-seekers with eyes of querulous envy.

As I sat eating my bread and cheese, and drinking the decoction from the vats of the local brewer, called by courtesy beer, the door opened, and in walked a little old gentleman in a quaint garment, half overcoat and half dressing-gown, a blue velvet smoking-cap, and a pair of carpet slippers. The landlord followed close upon his heels; and, without stopping to notice me, the old gentleman thus addressed him.

"Mr. Loads, I have just come over to ask you whether you will be kind enough to give me a mug of your ale, which everybody tells me is excellent. Twopence, I think? Here is the money," and the old gentleman laid down the two coins which he carried in his hand.

"A stranger in these parts, sir, I presume," he began, turning to me as soon as the landlord had gone to fetch the beer.

"Oh no," I replied, "I have known Barnham many years."

"A wonderful air, sir. What brought me here first was the air. Barnham is something like the fabled chameleon, sir. It may be said to live on its air; though I am bound to say that Mrs. Gilder's kindness and good fare have also their attractions."

"All this district is very healthy," I replied. "I am a little surprised, however, to find so many strangers have discovered it, and come here for their holiday."

"It is secluded, sir; but to the man of parts, seclusion is no disadvantage. He can study mankind here, as well as in the madding crowd."

Here was, evidently, a character. A student of mankind! Though I had only seen the outward presentment of Mrs. Gilder's guests, I fancied that the old gentleman would find in his fellow-boarders fine material for investigation.

"We are a motley company over the way," he said, "motley and merry; but I don't find I have much in common with the others, as a rule."

In spite of his alleged isolation, the old gentleman had managed to pick up a lot of information as to the antecedents and present case of his colleagues; and this he freely imparted to me, as he imbibed, with apparent relish, his mug of beer.

"It is, perhaps, somewhat strange, as you say, that these people should come to such a place as Barnham. They are not given to the discussion of abstract questions, as I am. Solitude has no charms for them, nor the written message of the immortals of literature. Like Southey, I may say, 'My days among the dead are spent.' I read, sir, and do little else; but nobody else in the house ever opens a book."

"You may wonder, perhaps, why I come here to vegetate in the society of a lot of Yahoos. But you mustn't forget the Barnham air, sir. Still," he went on, slightly dropping his voice, "there are drawbacks. Last year we had no less than three gentlemen who were—well, we will say a little too much devoted to the worship of Bacchus; and the house was growing intolerable, when Mrs. Gilder, by a happy inspiration, hired rooms for them at Wiffen's Farm, at the other end of the village. Wiffen himself had just died of delirium tremens, so his widow was just the woman for the job. She used to lock them in their rooms when they went to bed, and everything went on quite comfortably, till, on a certain night, one of them fell out of the window and broke his neck. There was an inquest, and certain details came to light which were not pleasant to the rest of us; certainly most unpleasant to me, who am, as it were, a permanency. Then last season, Mrs. Anstruther, the lady with golden hair, who always sits on the box of the wagonette, was the subject of a very disagreeable dispute. Mr. Laverty and Colonel Gilroy, two gentlemen, who both said they had met Mr. Anstruther in India, and ought on that account to have known better, both paid her a great deal of attention, and became furiously jealous of each other, so that a quarrel arose, and the 'argumentum ad baculum' was called in.

This led to the advent of the rural policeman, and a case before the justices, and then more details, again most unpleasant to me, who am, as it were, a permanency, were disclosed. Yes, as I have said, there are drawbacks."

The old gentleman drained his mug after this speech, and set down the vessel with a look of regret. He was evidently not so particular about his beer as his air. "Well, sir," he said, "I will now wish you a very good day, and if at any time you want a little picking up, if you should find the 'fumus,' or the 'strepitus,' or even the 'opes' of our modern Rome too much for you, come down to Barnham." And then the old gentleman shuffled across the road and disappeared.

I thought a good deal about the old gentleman as I pursued my afternoon walk. I made my way over the hill to visit a celebrated early Norman church, and its Vicar, an old friend of mine, who was almost as marvellous a specimen of clerical antiquity. My call finished, I returned the same way, for I had a certain curiosity to witness the unloading of that wagonetteful of excursionists at Mrs. Gilder's door. I was a bit tired when I reached the "Three Tuns," and I turned in for a rest, and to try whether the landlord's tea might be a little less nauseous than his beer. I had just been served when the clock struck six, and at the last stroke I heard a shuffling step at the door, and in walked the little old gentleman of the blue velvet cap. The landlord followed close behind him just as before, and the old gentleman wheeled sharply round, and addressed him exactly as if a perfectly new idea had just come into his head:

"Mr. Loads, I have just come across to ask you whether you will be kind enough to give me a mug of your ale, which everybody tells me is excellent. Twopence, I think? Here is the money;" and the old gentleman laid down two pennies which he carried in his trembling fingers.

Mr. Loads brought the beer without a sign of a smile on his face, and the old gentleman took a steady pull at it. Then his eye fell upon me.

"Ah, sir," he began, "I think I saw you here this morning. I have been told, over and over again, that Mr. Loads' beer is the best there is to be had in these parts; so, this evening, I thought I would step over and try it. It is good; but then everything is good in Barnham, especially the air. I dare say you may think I am



exaggerating; but I can assure you that I can scarcely breathe anywhere else. You are drinking tea, I see. Well, the doctors tell me I ought to drink tea; but they evidently don't understand my constitution. Now let me recommend you, if you feel inclined for anything after your tea, to try a glass of Mr. Loads' excellent beer."

Here the old gentleman took his departure and, as soon as the coast was clear, the landlord entered.

"Strange old gentleman, that, sir," he began, "a little touched here," tapping his forehead, "as I dare say you may have noticed; but, Lord bless you, he's as harmless as a child."

"Like a good many other people," I replied, "not quite mad, and not quite sane. I suppose he didn't taste your beer for the first time to-day?"

"Five years and a half ago, if it's a day; and ever since 't have been the same tale, three times a day, 'Mr. Loads, I have just come across,' and the rest of it. He have sixpence a day allowed him to spend; and, at first, Mrs. Gilder used to give it to him all at once; but then he would drink his sixpence straight off, and get muddled like."

"Muddled like," I thought to myself; "is this the worst that would ensue from drinking six-pennyworth of Mr. Loads' beer at a time?"

"So now she gives him tuppence at a time, and he have a mug at ten, and a mug at two, and a mug at six, and yet he's a rare clever old gentleman, folks tell me. Mr. Fooks, that tall gent with the beard, told me as he took the wind out o' the parson's sails to rights, one day, about Latin and Greek; and they say as he can talk French, and the like, just as well as English."

"He certainly is a well-educated man, and has seen a good deal of the world. Do you know how he came to take up his abode here, and who his friends are?" I enquired.

"Well, the tale is as he have a nevy, what he brought up and eddicated like; and this nevy is now high up in the Government somewhere. I reckon when the old gent began to get a little troublesome in his head, his folks thought as he'd be better at a place like this, where he's well looked after and out o' the way. I see the nevy down here once—a fine, fresh-looking man—and they do say as Mrs. Gilder get two hundred a-year for takin' care o' the old gent."

"He's the only one, I suppose, who is there always?"

"There's one more, a poor lady, who is crippled of her lower limbs, and never leave the bedroom. They have a sight o' trouble with her sometimes, I hear, about the noise, and singin', and card-playin' as go on downstairs."

"And what about the lady with the fair hair?"

"Oh, she ha' been here the last three or four year. She's a light and free 'un, she is, and make the place more sprightly for the young 'uns; and the old 'uns, too, I dare say. They say she's got a husband somewhere, out o' the country; but some folks will have it as— But I don't know nothin', only what I hear, and 'twill never do to go a-chatterin' if you don't know more 'an that. I keep out o' all gossip as well as I can. I dare say the lady is all right. She's always very civil and friendly to me, any way."

I could not but commend Mr. Loads' prudent attitude, and I reflected that many very high-toned people of my acquaintance would have been incapable of like restraint in such case. As I finished my tea, the wagonette drove up and discharged its load, and very soon after Mr. Fooks, "the tall gent with the beard," and the young buck who had held the ribbons, came over to the "Tuns," and each called for "pale brandy, cold," Mr. Fooks declaring, with an explanatory air, that it had grown extraordinarily chilly during the last mile or two of the drive.

As they stood consuming their liquor in the passage, they talked loudly and familiarly with the landlord; but I could not help fancying that some of the discourse was intended to reach my ears. In the ten minutes' space during which they stood at the bar door, I learned that Mr. Fooks had spent his early life in Australia; and that, in his opinion, a young man who "stuck himself down in England, instead of wending to that land of promise, was not worth his salt; that every time he went away from Barnham he said to himself that he would try some other place next year; but, somehow, every summer, when July came, and all the best people began to leave town, a longing would come upon him to taste one of Mrs. Gilder's roast fowls, and he always ended by following the old track; that the people who came nowadays were a poor lot compared with those he found the first time he came; and that Mrs. Gilder ought to be more particular, and that Mrs. Anstruther had been in awful good form during the drive

that afternoon." This was not very complimentary to his companion; but this latter was a youth of a taciturn spirit, and listened silently to his companion's "blowing" with the air of one who hears a twice, or, rather, ten-times told tale.

Adversity, the proverb teaches us, makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows. As I thought over what I had seen and heard of Mrs. Gilder's guests, it struck me that Fate had rarely played a more whimsical trick than when she had assembled such a party as the one at Abbey Farm. What could those two forlorn-looking American women be doing in such a place? Were they urged by pardonable curiosity to gain at first hand some knowledge of the life and ways of the pit whence they were digged, and to see what existence in an English country village would be like? I know that the pen of an American in Europe is generally a ready one, and I would have liked to look over some of the descriptive letters they sent to the other side of the Atlantic. Human waifs one meets everywhere, people often with comfortable incomes, but poor in the sense of having no ties, no belongings. Often I have come across them dining at solitary tables in the cavernous coffee-rooms of big London hotels, sitting in railway-carriages with no companions but rugs and newspapers, and shambling about the gardens of southern hotels, nobody wanting to foregather with them, in spite of the fact that they could afford to live in sunny rooms, and to drink champagne whenever they would; and the thought that I myself might become such a one has moved me to greater horror than even the fear of death itself has produced. The waif, like the poor, is always with us. He must live somewhere, and somebody must take care of him. Truly "Nothing walks with aimless feet." Waifs, like the paralytic lady and the old gentleman in the blue velvet cap, may seem like rubbish to be cast into the void; but their destiny was manifestly a higher one than this, namely, to restore the fallen fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Gilder of the Abbey Farm at Barnham, or other agriculturists in similar straits.

#### DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

THIS expression of what may be called nautical slang has now become almost classic. At all events, everybody must

have heard it; and most people may be presumed to know that to "go to Davy Jones's Locker" is equivalent to "losing the number of your mess," or, as the Californian miners say, "passing in your checks." Being especially a sea-phrase, it means, of course, to be drowned. But how did the phrase originate? And who was Davy Jones? The question must have frequently occurred to many, and it is worth while seeking an answer to it. There is an explanation for everything, if we only know how to look for it.

This saying about Davy Jones is a very old one—so old, that it cannot possibly have any reference to the famous pirate, Paul Jones. In fact, one hears very often of "Davy's Locker," without any reference to "Jones" at all. Then "Davy" again is a vulgar slang expression for affidavit, but is also used in thief-parlance by way of an oath. It has thus been inferred that "Davy" is a slang expression of somewhat blasphemous import; but this is by no means certain.

It is much more likely to be associated with, or of the same origin as, the "Duffy" of the West Indian negroes. Among them Duffy means a ghost; and in the vocabulary of the gutter it may easily have been taken as the equivalent of soul. The transition from Duffy to Davy is by no means difficult.

But how, then, did the vagabond users of "flash" language get hold of this word? It is quite probable that it was brought home by the sailors from the West Indies, and picked up at the docks by the waifs and strays of our vast vagrant population. On the other hand, it is just as likely that the West Indian negroes picked up "Duffy" from our own sailors; and that, in fact, Duffy is just the nigger contraction of Davy Jones. There is certainly a very close connection, both in sound and meaning, between the two expressions.

We must go further back and further away, however, to get to the root of the matter. And, if we enquire diligently, we shall find our Davy in the Deva of the Indian mythology. The original Sanskrit meaning of Deva was "The Shining One," but in the operation of what Mr. Moncreux Conway calls "the degradation of Deities" in the Oriental religions, it became synonymous with our devil. In fact, we owe the word "devil" to this same Sanskrit root; and it is noteworthy that while Deva meant the Good Spirit to the Brahmans, it meant the Evil Spirit to

the Parsees. In this root we may also find the explanation of the Gypsy word for God, which, curiously enough, is Devel.

While it is easy to trace the transition from Deva to the sailor's Davy, one may note another curious thing. The name of the fabulous Welshman, Taffy, the thief, is a corruption of Dyved, which, as signifying an Evil Spirit, is the Cymric form of Deva. This would almost suggest that the addition of the apparent surname, Jones, was a Welsh performance. But this is only an amusing conjecture, not without a certain aptness.

For the origin of Jones we must look to Jonah, who, in nautical history, is regarded as the embodiment of malevolence at sea. The prophet Jonah is not the only one who has been committed to the deep to appease the storm-fiends, whose anger his presence was supposed to have aroused. It is easy to account for this from the Bible narrative: "The mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his God. And they said, every one to his fellow, 'Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us.' So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. So they took up Jonah and cast him forth into the sea, and the sea ceased from her raging."

The superstition of sailors is proverbial, and to this day they believe in good or ill-luck being brought to a vessel by persons and things. In olden times there were many sacrifices to this Jonah superstition; and even in comparatively recent times, Holcroft, the actor, on a voyage to Scotland, narrowly escaped a watery grave, because the men took him for "the Jonas." And to this day "He's a Jonah" is an expression often enough heard on shipboard applied to some unwelcome passenger.

Here, then, we have the Sanskrit origin of Davy, and the Biblical origin of Jones, both words embodying much the same idea to the mind of the primitive seaman. But what of "the locker"?

This, of course, is a familiar piece of ship-furniture which it was not difficult to transfer to the mythical demon of the deep. Lieutenant Bassett thought that the locker might be the whale's belly in which Jonah found refuge; but this is hardly in harmony with the meaning of the phrase. In the sense in which it is used here, locker does not mean a temporary resting-place or submarine harbour of refuge, but a place of final deposit. It is possible, indeed, to find the origin of the word locker as here applied in Loki, the

personification of evil in the Scandinavian mythology. Loki, like Deva, was not always an evil spirit, but he became eventually identified with Satan. He became a flame-demon, a sort of incarnate spirit of fire.

There is good reason for believing in our theory of the Scandinavian origin of the word "locker" as used in the connection we are considering, although we put it forward with all diffidence. It is to be remembered that, in olden times, death by drowning was even more dreaded than now, because drowned bodies were supposed to be debarred from the resurrection. Going further back we find that the sea was the abode of Typhon, who, besides being a hurricane-raising, was also a fire-breathing, demon, and was feared as the quencher of the sun, who sank at night into its bosom. The legend of St. Brandan and his burning islands preserved the idea that Hades was very near to the bottom of the ocean. Thus, then, we may readily perceive the conception of Loki having his receptacle for drowned mariners in the bed of the sea. A belief prevailed, long into the Middle Ages, that the sea bottom was the abode of many demons, who lay in wait for passengers, to drag them down to the infernal depths.

Thus, then, Davy Jones's Locker became, by a mixture of theogonies, "the ocean, the deep sea bottom, the place to which the body was committed, and to which the souls of the wicked fled."

The meaning is now somewhat modified. Sailors do not, as Smollett says they did in his day, regard Davy Jones as the fiend who presides over all the evil spirits of the deep, and is seen in various shapes, warning the devoted wretches of death and woe. In fact, it is not Davy Jones they think of at all now, but his locker; for, to go to Davy's Locker, is to be lost at sea and to find a watery grave.

The favourite demon, if we may use the expression, of British sailors is now Old Nick, and one may trace his origin even more easily than that of Davy Jones. We can follow him through Saxon, German, Danish, and Norwegian transitions to one of the names of Odin—Hnickar—for even All-father Odin shared the fate of his Oriental predecessors, and became demonised. Others, again, have carried the name Hnickar back still further to the Egyptian Nika, the Serpent of the lower world, "the Typhonic enemy of the Sun in his night-journey."

It is to the same root that we owe the Necken of the Baltic and the Nixies—the water-fays—of the German legends. It is to the Norwegian Nökke, also, that we owe the Wild Huntsman of the Sea, on which the story of the Flying Dutchman and a host of other legends of demon vessels and demon mariners are founded.

There is, however, some confusion in the nautical mythology between the original Old Nick and the popular Saint Nicholas. This Saint became the Christian successor of Neptune, as the protector of seamen. As Mr. Moncure Conway explains it: "This saintly Poseidon who, from being the patron of fishermen, gradually became associated with the demon whom, Sir Walter Scott said, the British sailor feared when he feared nothing else, was also of old the patron of pirates; and robbers were called 'St. Nicholas' clerks.'"

It is certainly one of the curiosities of plutology that the patron Saint of children who is still honoured at Christmas as "Santa Claus," should be the dreaded Old Nick of the seafarers.

These investigations are extremely interesting; but we must not be tempted into them too far, for the patience of our readers. We have, at least, presented them with an explanation of a popular phrase, and that was our purpose at the outset.

We must confess, however, to inability to explain a number of other marine personalities, who are as lively to-day on shipboard, as they were generations ago. There is, for instance, old Mister Storm-Along, of whom the chanty-man sings:

When Stormy died I dug his grave,  
I dug his grave with a silver spade,  
I hove him up with an iron crane,  
And lowered him down with a golden chain.

Who was he? And who was the famous Captain Cottington, of whom it is related, in stentorian tones and with tireless repetition, that—

Captain Cottington he went to sea,  
Captain Cottington he went to sea-e-e-e,  
Captain Cottington he went to sea.  
Captain Cottington he went to sea-e.

Who, also, was "Uncle Peleg," of whom a somewhat similarly exhaustive history is chanted? And, still more, who was the mysterious Reuben Ranzo,\* with whose name every fo'cs'le of every outward-

bound British or American ship is constantly resounding?

Pity Reuben Ranzo,  
Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo,  
Oh pity Reuben Ranzo,  
Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo.

He had a remarkable career, had Reuben, according to the song. He was a tailor by trade; went to school on the Monday, learnt to read on Tuesday, and by Friday he had thrashed the master. Then he went to sea, and, after some ignominious experiences, married the captain's daughter, and became himself the captain of a whaler. But who was he? And how does he come to exercise such a fascination over all mariners, even unto this day?

This is one of the mysteries of the ocean. The sea is covered with mystery, and with phantom shapes. Every ship that sails is peopled with a crew of dim shadows of the past that none can explain.

## THE BRIDGE HOUSE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By B. DEMPSTER.

*Author of "Two and One," "Through Gates of Gold,"  
"Mrs. Silas B. Bunthorpe," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER IX.

ANTHONY MELVIN spent a week in Riverbridge. His appearance there excited considerable interest, and there were plenty of invitations sent to Bridge House. The week passed quickly and pleasantly enough. There were many excursions to be made, too; and Aston drove them to all places of interest in the neighbourhood.

The day of his departure came at last. He was not to leave till a late train in the evening.

After dinner, when Miss Ross and Daisy rose from the table, he left it too, and asked Daisy to come for a stroll in the garden. He made the request very quietly, and no one would have suspected that the invitation was the result of a deep-seated resolve to have her to himself for at least a short time before he left. He was naturally a hot-tempered young man, though a ceaseless effort at self-control made him generally appear cool enough. But he felt this evening that he deserved a medal for the patience he had displayed during the past week. He had never once, since the ball, had Daisy really to himself. When they had been at home, which, owing to the numerous in-

\* See "Sailors' Songs," ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, No. 1047, December, 1888.



vitations and excursions, had not been very often, there had always been Aston, or Miss Ross. Anthony more than suspected that Aston had given the latter a hint not to leave them alone together.

Even that sullen-eyed housekeeper had stolen in on them once or twice, under pretence of getting something out of the room.

Many a time did this patient young man silently confound his host, and, it must be confessed, the others too; though he really liked Miss Ross very much. To-night he was determined to play a bold stroke. Miss Ross, for her rheumatism's sake, would never venture to offer to accompany them. And Aston, if he had any pride in him, would be ashamed to follow. His stroke was successful. Miss Ross made a shocked remonstrance, speedily silenced by Daisy, who said she defied mists and night dews. Aston's eyes grew black; but, for very dignity's sake, he had to let them go alone.

As Daisy, well wrapped up in her long fur mantle, stepped through the glass-doors of the dining-room into the garden, she drew in a deep breath. It was curiously like one of relief, and yet she had seemed happy enough at dinner. It was this brightness of spirits, and a strange, undefinable shadow in her eyes, which puzzled Anthony. He had noticed it, and wondered over it all the week. The shadow had never been there before.

"I do believe spring is in the air," she exclaimed, lifting her face to the sky, in which floated a pale, silver crescent.

"Have you been happy here?" asked Anthony, abruptly, as they crossed the flagged court to the path that led towards the mills.

"Yes!" in surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. I've been fancying—do you know you are thinner and paler since I saw you last? And there is something different—I can't make it out."

"Of course there is a difference," laughing, but with a note of regret his quick ear caught. "I am growing older. I was only a schoolgirl then. I seem to have become quite grown up now." She gazed on to where the great mills loomed black in the darkness at the end of the garden. "I don't think it feels quite so nice. But that is foolish, for everybody must grow up."

This time there was more than a touch of regret. She was thinking of Aston; of

his strange conduct the night of the ball; of his manner since; of little things he had said; of looks he had given when he and she had happened to be alone. She was growing frightened with a knowledge that was slowly coming to her.

"You ought not to be grown up," said Anthony, with a powerful undercurrent of anger in his voice. "You are only a schoolgirl yet."

"How very unflattering; and I am nearly nineteen."

"There's one thing, you are rich," with what seemed an odd irrelevance, "and can do as you like."

"Yes; thanks to Mr. Aston. He has been so good. I am glad I am rich; for then I can help those that aren't so lucky."

"Yes, it's jolly enough," suddenly feeling more glad than ever that he was rich enough to help others. Why, if it should ever happen that she needed aid, what pleasure it would be to be able to give it! "My cousin—the one who manages my affairs in Sydney—is a go-ahead chap. Very different to his father, who was a dear old slow-coach. He has doubled my income lately. I let him do just as he likes till I go back."

"Mr. Aston doesn't believe in speculating," said Daisy, with much gravity, not in the least understanding what speculation was.

"I wonder why Aston hates me so!" said Anthony, with the abrupt directness that sometimes startled and even confused his listeners.

"Hates you!" exclaimed Daisy, amazed and shocked. It seemed like a blow dealt at Aston's hospitality, at his kindness.

"Yes—he does. He hated me the first night I came, and he has gone on hating me worse ever since."

A conviction that it was so struck home to Daisy; for, with his words, came a whole host of recollections of the past week. Aston's coldness to Anthony; his constant, and what seemed almost wilful, misunderstandings of him; his quick, curt sarcasms. These things had hurt and vexed her all the week for Anthony's sake, though she had hoped, by smoothing them away with a laugh or a word, to prevent Anthony himself noticing. Now she saw, that, for all his apparent indifference, he had both felt and seen.

"You have been very patient!" she exclaimed, forgetting how she was betraying her own conviction.

"No, I haven't. I have longed to knock him down sometimes; only he was my host, and it wouldn't have looked well. Besides, I didn't think you would like it."

They had reached the end of the garden, and had stopped unconsciously. They stood under the shadow cast by the mills. The house facing them, at the other end of the garden, looked cheerful enough, with the lights streaming from the dining-room and kitchen windows. But Anthony was not satisfied. He had seen and heard a great deal he had not liked during the past week.

He did not approve of the way that the housekeeper dogged her master's steps; he was furious when he thought of the look she had once or twice cast at Daisy; he hated the masterful way in which Aston usurped Daisy's society. Suddenly Daisy caught his arm.

"Look there, Anthony," she whispered, pointing at the slender plank bridge that spanned the mill-race, "there is some one—something there! See! it is moving!"

The mills cast a deeper shadow on the garden just here. The crescent moon shed only a pale light. The bridge was but a faint line over the dark water. For one second Anthony seemed to catch a glimpse of a white, misty figure standing on the bridge. Then it vanished, and he saw only the slight line of bridge against the dark background of the mills.

"Anthony, is it the ghost of that poor, dead girl? Perhaps I shall hear those dreadful, dreadful feet again. They say she always comes when they are there."

"Daisy, Daisy, my dear! What is it? Those footsteps. It is all nonsense. They are rats, or fancy."

"I tried to think them fancy; but I can't, Anthony. They were there last night. Didn't you hear them?"

He laughed; but there was just the faintest shame in his eyes. He had heard them; he had even risen to go and see. He had found the staircase empty and dark, and had been very much ashamed of his own folly. Still, the sound had been very real, and most eerie while it lasted.

He laughed, and tried to talk her out of her fear. But he was more moved than he showed. It was shocking to him to find her so nervous and excitable over a mere fancy. It was evident that the atmosphere of Bridge House did not suit her.

"You must go away," he said, imperiously.

Her face brightened, then she caught her breath.

"I can't. At least, not yet. I promised Mr. Aston that I would stay. It is little I can do for all his kindness to me."

A very uneasy look came into Anthony's face. With a swift flash of insight, he saw how Aston was playing on her generosity—on her womanly power of self-sacrifice. As he looked into Daisy's lovely face, he understood his motive only too well.

"Daisy," he said, moved by what presentiment or feeling he did not know, "if ever you want my help, send for me."

"Of course I shall," she said, simply. "You have always been like my own brother."

"Have not you been like a sister to me?" he said, with a laugh. But there was a slight frown on his face as he went with her back to the house.

#### CHAPTER X.

"So he's ruined, is he? That comes of speculating, and trying to make two fortunes out of one. It would have been better if he had gone back to Sydney and looked after his business, instead of fooling about here."

It was two months later. Daisy, her face very pale, had been telling the news that morning's post had brought her. Anthony had written that morning to say that he was penniless. His cousin had turned out to be a reckless, unprincipled speculator. He had had full control of Anthony's property—Anthony confessed now that he himself had shown the most culpable negligence of his affairs, with the result that he stood face to face with ruin. He dared scarcely trust that it was no worse. But he was starting immediately for Australia, to see into matters. It was evident, though the letter was laconic in the extreme, that he was suffering terribly at the fear that there might be dishonour as well.

Daisy knew that he would not rest till he had paid the uttermost farthing of his liabilities, even if he were left a beggar.

The letter also said that he would try and run down to see her before starting, as he could not tell when they would meet again. The news was such a great shock to her that her guardian's callous speech jarred on her whole being. Perhaps he saw the quivering of the lip, for he flushed slightly.

"It's hard on him," he said, more gently. "But it's the best thing he can do, to get out there and look into matters. That cousin is a scoundrel. There is no knowing what light Anthony Melvin's conduct may appear in."

"They could say nothing against him," with a flash of angry pride. "Anthony is the soul of honour, and every one knows it. He would die rather than do a base thing."

Aston's lip twitched, as it always did when anything touched him sharply.

"Circumstances may alter his ideas," he said, grimly. "Youth is always wonderfully tenacious of its—honour."

"Anthony will always be of his," she exclaimed, flushing scarlet, feeling the sneer as if it were directed to herself. "He would never forgive a base action in himself, or others—neither would I!"

Her guardian looked at her, his face paling, his eyes piercing, searching, commanding.

"Do you think that you and he are the only ones who value their honour—and the appearance of it?" he asked, steadily.

She flushed again, her eyes meeting his for a moment, then falling. She was always angry with herself for her cowardice; but she could never face that look in his eyes.

That afternoon, as Aston sat working in his office at the mills, he had a visitor: a short, slightly-built man, with pale-blue eyes and weak mouth.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Aston, rising to his feet, "Wilton, I thought you had—"

"Drunk myself to death by this time," with a kind of grim jauntiness.

Aston looked away for a second, and if murder could be in a man's eyes, it was in his.

"And to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" he asked, very slowly. "You don't expect me to start you in life again?"

"It won't be much pleasure to you, I'm afraid," he answered, rather sullenly. "I have come to ask you to do justice. It is time you made restitution of the fortune you are keeping from others."

Aston's face grew livid. But he still spoke quietly.

"What madness possesses you now?"

"It's no madness," and the sullen note changed to a stronger and more manly one, while Wilton gained a dignity of which Aston was keenly conscious. "The fit came on me again in London—I dare say you'll guess how your money went—and I

nearly did for myself. Melvin found me and saved me. He did for me what no man has done for me for years. He spoke to me and treated me as if I were his brother. He did not recognise me. He was a little chap when I had to leave Sydney, and I'm pretty changed since I was his father's friend, and one of the most important members of Sydney society." He laughed grimly, but went on. "He did not preach at me, nor talk down to me. I owe to him the one spark of manhood left in me. He kindled it into life again, and I mean to use it in his service. I heard from him yesterday that he was ruined. That it is worse even than that, for a man such as he is. His honour is touched, though it was his cousin's fault. He feels that he should not have left the business so entirely in the other's hands. He must have money to meet his liabilities. He said very little, but I saw how cut up he was. I have thought it well over, and I have made up my mind that he, who has helped so many, shall not need a friend now. You must give up what is his."

"And you will end your days in a felon's cell."

Wilton paled, but his voice did not falter.

"I suppose so," he said, "if you put me there."

"I shall certainly—if you betray me."

There was a silence. Aston, that rigid stiffness of position relaxing, was leaning carelessly against the high desk. His pale, quiet face, looked as if he were assured of the situation. And yet in his heart of hearts was a vague doubt and unease. There was something new in Wilton. As he had said, some spark of manhood had been rekindled in him. There was a strength and a tenacity of purpose in him which had not shown itself for many a long day. It was true that he, Aston, could put him in the felon's dock that moment; that he had in his possession, carefully kept for such an emergency as this, proofs of the forgery which had originally placed Wilton in his power. But Wilton was a degraded man already. He had little to lose in life. And if Anthony Melvin—curse him—had succeeded in strengthening the voice of conscience which, Aston knew, had never quite died in Wilton's breast, then who could say what desperate effort to recover his self-respect he might not make? Even though that effort might cost him further degradation, and a felon's fate.

"Of course," said Wilton, in a rather

heavy voice, "I know that I need expect no mercy from you. I can quite see how hard it is for you. But then you have known for years that you had no right to the mills, and I suppose your enjoyment of another man's money has not been unmixed. You can't be quite dead to all decent feeling, and you ought to have strength enough to do this act of common justice and mercy."

"Justice and mercy are fine things to keep a man from starving," with a short laugh.

"Cheating and lying, for that's what your life has come to, doesn't do him much good in the long run either." Wilton's anger was rising. "I mean to see Melvin righted. I should have told him yesterday, only I thought it but fair to warn you first, and give you a chance. You've got a good opportunity. It need not even bring any disgrace on you." He stopped a moment, then went on with an effort: "A little more or less pitch won't hurt me. I haven't any moral appearances to keep up. I'll bear the blame of the silence. You can act as if you only now knew; I'll let him think that I have only just told you the truth of the case. Then you can go straight to him—"

"And make myself a beggar, while you reap a nice little harvest from Mr. Anthony Melvin's gratitude."

Wilton's face coloured, and he stepped forward with clenched hand; then checked himself.

"I suppose you think you've a right to say what you like to me?" he said. "But don't go too far! You have done your best to drag me down body and soul to a gulf where your guilty secret may be hid. But you are beaten at last. You may do as you like with me, but Anthony Melvin shall know the truth."

Aston saw that he had gone too far.

"Wilton," he said, forcing himself to speak quietly, "you are master of the position. I don't say I give up the money willingly; I'd keep it if I could. I've worked hard and late at the business; and neither Anthony nor his father needed the money. But I've got to do it, so I must give in. I only ask for a few hours to think over my plans. It's not much to ask."

His voice grew stronger, and his eyes brighter, as a purpose formed itself in his brain while he spoke. The expression

did not improve his face. But Wilton did not notice it; he was wondering what plans Aston had to form.

Aston read his suspicions.

"You needn't be afraid," he said, with a sneer. "You can see that I can't back out. You hold the winning cards."

"Yes. And Melvin shall know to-night. But I'll keep to what I said. I'll let him think that I only knew. I will give you three hours. It is now five; I will come back here at eight and hear what you have to say. I want to catch the nine o'clock train back to town. You can come up with me. He sails on Thursday for Australia. I believe he is coming down here before he goes. But you might settle the thing with him before he comes."

Something else must be settled before he came. Aston did not mean to lose love as well as fortune. He drew in a hard breath.

"All right," he said, slowly. "But don't fail to come for me here at eight. You may be the gainer," significantly, "if you keep faith with me."

Wilton flushed. Now that he was striving so hard to return to a better life, the thought of the forged bill held by Aston grew more and more burdensome. It was a bitter thing to feel that all his endeavours might be blighted at any moment by his arrest as a forger. He had not told Melvin who held the bill, though he had confessed the crime to him. But the bribe could not tempt him to forget the man who, in spite of that crime, had still treated him as a friend.

"Whatever my fate may be," he said, "it won't alter matters. You may bring that forged bill here to-night and burn it before my eyes, or you may come accompanied with a warrant for my arrest; it is all the same thing. Melvin shall know to-night or to-morrow."

"Will he?" muttered Aston, under his breath, as Wilton went out.

Wilton was no physical coward. Any thought of personal danger never entered his head, or, if it did, he dismissed it at once. Aston was no fool, to attempt violence—on his own premises, too.

But he little suspected the diabolical cunning of the thought that had entered Aston's brain. If he had, he would have gone straight away there and then, and never put himself within reach of Aston's merciless grip again.